FREDERIC L. NIEMEYER
6823 Kingsbury Blvd.
St. Louis, Missouri 63130

Banana Oil

Song

by

C. W. FORD

PRICE
30¢

MADE IN
U.S.A.

PUBLISHED BY
Excello Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

When people tell you stories that you don't believe a bit,
And tell the same old bunkum and hope to make a hit,
You listen so politely until they're on their way,
You feel like you could choke them and so begin to say—
Chorus

The prohibition party has the country very dry,
They tell us there's no liquor but you wink the other eye,
You slip around the corner and in a bar you mooch
A high sign to old Jimmy brings out a drink of hootch
Chorus

A friend will tell you sadly of all his aches and pains,
And when he leaves your house you say, Oh do come soon again,
You know he just imagines his ills from day to day,
And when he's gone you wonder why to him you did not say,
Chorus

You get upon the trolley and full seven cents you pay,
And forget to get a transfer 'till you are well upon your way,
You ask the gentle Connie—and smile with perfect grace,
He looks at you with daggers and then shouts in your face.
Chorus

Ther're lots of hats thrown in the ring to select a President,
But parties are so crooked just upon a harvest they are bent,
A woman needs the office and I hope she turns the trick,
Of being soon elected so the crooks she can evict.
Chorus

We voted for a court house with our bonds the other day,
Now politicians tell us that the old one has to stay,
I wonder if the people ever will have a word to say
In running this fair City or just sing from day to day,
Chorus

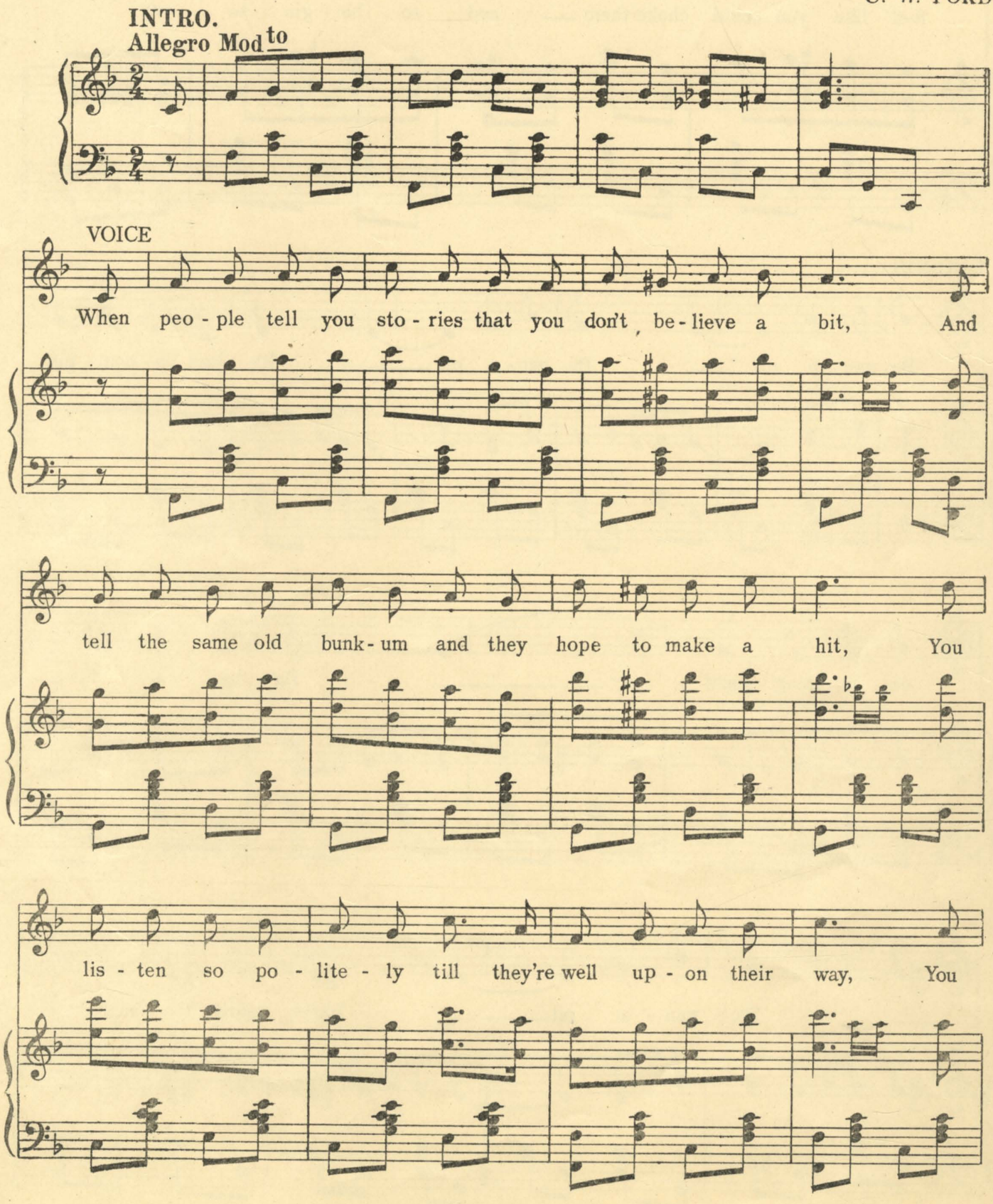
A glorious country we have got but its only for a few,
The Ku Klux Klan are telling us its not for any Jew,
They're good enough for business, but not good enough for State
Being God's own chosen the Klan should hesitate.
Chorus

A lady walks down Broadway and you think she is a peach,
You feel you should be flirting 'till you come within her reach,
You find her cheeks all painted and spread upon her lip,
You get one glance then turn around and hastily you skip.
Chorus

CHORUS:
Banana Oil—
Banana Oil—
Its just about the only thing you'll say—
Banana Oil—
Banana Oil—
You've heard the same old stories-day by day
Banana Oil—
Banana Oil—
You just repeat it time and time again—
The same old jokes—
By same old folks
Is what you hear the live long day.

Banana Oil

C. W. FORD



COPYRIGHT MCMXXIV by EXCELLO MUSIC PUB., CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

BRITISH COPYRIGHT SECURED

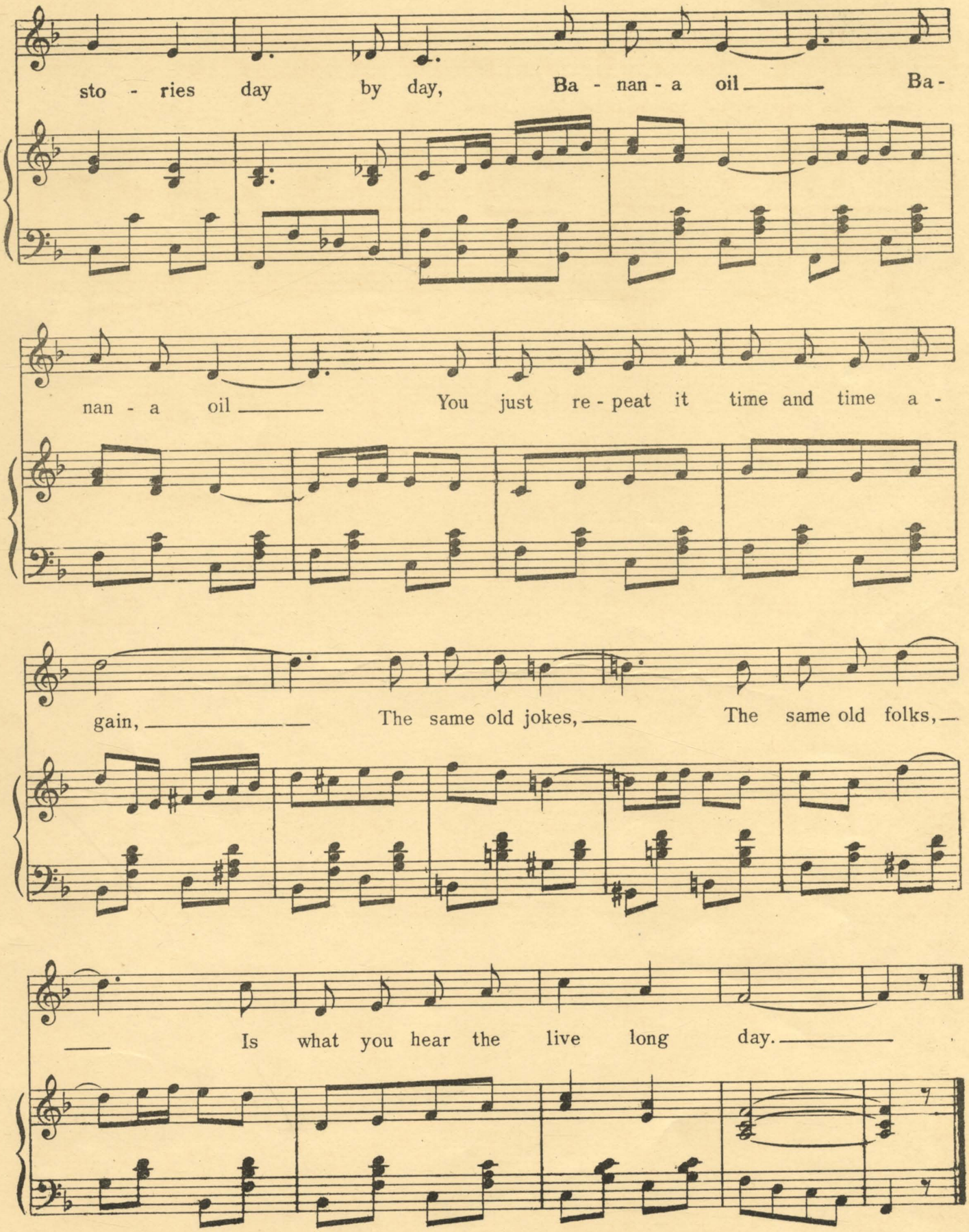
feel like you could choke them — and so be - gin to say

CHORUS

Ba - nan - a oil — Ba - nan - a oil — It's just a - bout the

on - ly thing you'll say — Ba - nan - a oil —

— Ba - nan - a oil — You've heard the same old



ZERSE BROS.- MUSIC PRINT
ST. LOUIS, MO.